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WHILE HUNT CONTINUES FOR SLAYER OF MARY PHAGAN

MARIETTA MOURNS AS BODY IS LOWERED INTO GRAVE

Photos by Francis E. Price. Staff Photographer.

Scenes at the funeral services of victim of Sunday’s brutal crime. In one picture is shown casket being borne from church; in another her brother, Ben Phagan, who is in the navy; and in the bottom one, the beautiful floral offerings covering the newly-made grave.

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FACTORY CLOCK NOT PUNCHED FOR HOURS

ON NIGHT OF MURDER

Newt Lee, Negro Watchman, Had a Record for

Punctuality in Registering Time Until Night

of the Killing—Bloody Shirt Found in His

Home by Detectives, but Negro Asserts That

He Had Not Seen It for Two Years—Blood

Was Fresh, Assert Officers.

MORE ARRESTS WILL BE MADE TODAY, SAY MEN ON THE CASE

"We Have Sufficient Evidence to Convict the

Murderer of Mary Phagan, Declare Local

Detectives and Pinkertons—Leo M. Frank

Subjected to a Gruelling Third Degree—Ru-

mors Spread Over City That Lee Had Con-

fessed Denied by Chief Lanford.

The record of the factory time clock in the pencil plant was brought to police headquarters last night. It shows an irregularity in three separate periods during the night of the murder of Mary Phagan.

Lee, the negro night watchman, was supposed to punch the time piece every thirty minutes during each night of duty. Up until 9:32 o'clock Saturday night it was visited with regularity. An

adjustment was skipped from that time until 10:29 o'clock. At 11:04 another adjustment was missed. The next punch was registered at midnight.

The most convincing irregularity of the record sheet, however, is the adjustment that was missed between 2 o'clock Sunday morning and 3. The body was discovered at 3:30 o'clock. Where was the watchman when he failed to punch the hour?

Coincident with the discovery of the irregular clock register comes the information that the negro was a trustworthy watchman, performed his duties faithfully, and previously adjusted the clock with regularity.

Bloody Shirt Found at Lee's Home.

Another find, which the sleuths declare is direct evidence of guilt, was the discovery of a fancy shirt, splotched with blood, which was found in the house on Hendrix avenue, in which the suspect lived.

Detectives Black and Scott brought it to headquarters Monday afternoon. The negro was confronted with it. After careful examination of the bloody garment, he said,

"White folks, that's a shirt I wore two years ago. It wasn't bloody then. I ain't seen it since. Honest, that's the truth."

The blood is obviously fresh. Only hurried examinations have been made. A negro woman occupant of the house in which it was found was also brought to police station. She testified that it had not been worn by the negro on the day of the murder. It had not been seen, she said, since two years ago.

If the crime was committed by the wearer of the telltale garment, as the police assume, Lee, they say, would have had ample time to go to his home, remove the shirt and return to the factory.

CLOCK AND THE SHIRT

CALLED IMPORTANT LINKS

Detectives consider the clock register and crimson shirt as strong links in the chain they are forging around the black man. Following such expression of their confidence comes this theory, which was advanced last night:

Is the watchman suspect a victim of planted evidence? Is the real murderer striving to convict an innocent man?

It is plausible. The shirt could not possibly have remained for two years in the bottom of the barrel under the pile of refuse that it was found. It is fresh, clean and evidently had not been worn for more than a day. The negress brought to headquarters declared that Lee had not worn the garment on the day of the murder. He wore the shirt in which he was arrested, she stated.

SOME THEORISTS BELIEVE EVIDENCE WAS PLANTED

The theory is advanced by some that the prisoner is a victim of plan-

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ted evidence. They say that the watchman's clock evidence is flimsy and openly crude. The date, April 27, is apparently stamped upon the register sheet with a stamp detached from the timepiece's mechanism. Lee did not touch the clock after his arrest. Customarily, he never affixed the date until the hour he was relieved from duty each morning.

It is obvious that no one, in the tense excitement which naturally prevailed upon the tragedy's discovery, thought of the clock. The building was locked and guarded by policemen. Nobody has come forward with the information that the date had been stamped upon the sheet.

It would have been an easy task to replace Saturday night's clock record with that of a previous night when the watchman's adjustment had been irregular. Frank, himself, states that the negro had failed to punch it properly on the preceding night.

More Arrests Expected.

"We have sufficient evidence to convict the murderers of Mary Phagan. More arrests will be made before daybreak. The mystery is cleared."

Detectives Harry K. Scott and John Black emerged, tired and sweating, from a grueling third degree of three hours to which Leo M. Frank and the negro night watchman were subjected yesterday afternoon, and made this announcement to a reporter for The Constitution.

"The mystery, as baffling as any which the police department of any southern city have been confronted, is now being cleared. The slayers of Mary Phagan are known."

Neither of the detectives would give names. Chief Lanford said, however, that the crime lay between the negro watchman and the factory president. Chief Beavers would not commit himself.

Satisfied With Progress.

Leo M. Frank. Photo taken by Constitution's staff photographer at the police station Tuesday afternoon.

"I am satisfied with the progress we have made," were his only words.

Frank firmly denies guilt. He expresses confidence that he will be released this afternoon. To a reporter for The Constitution who talked with him after the third degree, he made a complete statement of his actions on the afternoon and night preceding the discovery of the girl's body.

"I'll admit that I was alone in the building from 4 o'clock until 6. I was working on the office books and reports, though. No one else was in the place. That's positive. I'll swear it.

"I would hardly have recognized Mary Phagan had we met on the street," he said.

His chief defense, he avers, will be alibis to prove his whereabouts during the hours of Saturday and Sunday morning except the space of time between 4 and 6:30 o' clock.

Remained at Factory.

"I was with two of the plant's mechanics," he told, "until 1 o'clock. They left at that time. The negro watchman, Lee, showed up just about 1 o'clock. I had prepared to go to the ball game. It was cold and dreary and looked like rain. I had a lot of work to do in the office. It needed me more than the ball game. I decided to remain at the factory.

"Saturday afternoon was half-holiday. When the watchman showed up, there was no need for him around the place while I was there. He deserved holiday, too.

"'You can go out and knock around until 6 o'clock,' I told him.

"At 6 o'clock he re-appeared. Gantt showed up bout that time, hunting his shoes. I gave him permission to go into the building and referred him to the watchman.

"At 6:30 o'clock I went directly home and remained there until I heard of the discovery of Miss Phagan's body."

"How did you hear of it?" he was asked.

"Detective Starnes called me over the telephone about 6 a.m. He came out for me in an automobile. I went immediately to the factory."

Locked Up Doors.

Frank's first act after viewing the corpse, it was remembered by The Constitution reporter, who went with the police when they first visited the scene, was to nail up the door which had been broken open in the basement, presumably by the girl's slayers.

"I am not guilty. Such an atrocious crime has never entered my mind. I am a man of good character and I have a wife. I am a home-loving and God-fearing man. They will discover that. It is useless to detain me, unless for investigation and for information I might be able to give."

Frank stated that he was not surprised when the detectives came to arrest him Tuesday afternoon.

"I had been expecting it," he said. "I knew I would possibly be able to render information that would lead to the real murderers."

Frank Given Third Degree.

He was taken into custody shortly before noon. Detectives Starnes and Black found him in the offices of the pencil plant. He willingly submitted, and was rushed to headquarters in the automobile of Chief Beavers.

Immediately upon arriving there, he was locked in the office of Chief Lanford with Pinkerton Detective Scott, Lanford, Chief Beavers and other police experts. For three hours he was grilled and questioned. The negro watchman was interrogated at the same time and in the presence of Frank.

Frank is a small, wiry man, wearing eyeglasses of high lens power. He is nervous and apparently high-strung. He smokes incessantly and stuffed a pocket with cigars upon leaving for

police headquarters at the arrest. His dress is neat, and he is a fluent talker, polite and suave.

The doors had been locked behind him during the third degree no more than thirty minutes when Attorney Luther Rosser, counsel retained by the factory president, appeared at police station.

Rosser Denied Admittance.

As he started to climb the steps leading from the second floor to the detective's quarters on the third story, he was checked by Policeman John W. West, who had been stationed at that point with orders to admit no one upstairs.

"You can't go up there," the attorney was told.

"I will go. I want to see Mr. Frank," Mr. Rosser replied.

"You'll have to get permission from the chief. I've orders to admit no one."

The lawyer left in an angry state. Within a few minutes he communicated with Chief Beavers over telephone. The chief assured him that he would be admitted to the building and even to the room in which his client was being interrogated.

When Mr. Rosser later came into the presence of Frank's questioners, a stormy scene ensued between him and Chief Beavers. Sounds of hot words came through the closed door and attracted a large crowd of detectives and reporters.

Lawyer Demands Admittance.

The lawyer was heard to say:

"I've got my opinion of how a chief of police should conduct himself. I had a perfect right to be admitted by that policeman downstairs—the right as a citizens and as a lawyer. He told me he had orders to keep me down from here. He even called my name."

"I've got my opinion, too, of how a police department should be run," said the chief. "I did not give instructions to keep you from this office. I ordered that the crowd be kept away."

"I wasn't crowded, was I?" [several words illegible] soon the argument was over, however, and better feeling prevailed. The cross questioning was resumed in presence of the subject's counsel.

During the course of the questioning, Detective Scott, who is an operative of the Pinkertons, began interrogating Frank. The Pinkertons were employed on the murder Monday night by the National Pencil company through the suspected president.

Hired to Learn the Truth.

Frank turned upon the Pinkerton man:

"You're acting mighty funny. You were hired by me, if you remember! Why should you ask me such questions?"

"I was put on the case by my superiors," he answered. "They were employed to catch the murderer. That was what I was instructed to do. If you are the murderer, then it's my duty to convict you," the detective replied.

At the close of the third degree he was nervous and plainly agitated. He clung to the arm of friends as they ascended the three flights of steps to the prison.

A charge of suspicion was entered against him. He first was locked in a cell. Later, a guard was placed over him, and he was removed to the detective's quarters.

Frank's Wife Arrives.

While her husband was being sweated by the detectives, Mrs. Frank, the beautiful young wife of the factory president, tearful and anxious, came to police headquarters. She was accompanied by friends. Denied admission to the floor on which

her husband sat, she was led, weeping bitterly, into the probation officers' room.

She did not remain long. She left before the third degree was finished, and never returned. Frank was unaware of her presence at police station. She had been notified of his arrest by friends who summoned her over telephone.

Detectives predicted a collapse of the negro watchman throughout the day. He plainly showed the effect of the two days' of terror experienced in one continuous round of interrogation. His nerves were shattered, he trembled fearfully and apparently verged on a breakdown.

It is said that the arrest of Frank resulted from evidence dropped by the negro suspect. At 4 a.m. he was awakened in his cell and questioned grillingly by Detective Black. From then on the day was one of incessant interrogation.

Handwriting Examined.

Specimens of the negro's handwriting according to microscopic examinations of handwriting experts, compare favorably with that of the notes found beside the victim's body.

It was rumored around headquarters that the mysterious package carried by Detective Black, when he returned to the station after an automobile trip, contained a bloody shirt of the negro prisoner. It was said that he could not give a satisfactory explanation.

Habeas corpus proceedings were instituted in behalf of John M. Gantt, the young bookkeeper arrested Monday afternoon in connection with the Phagan murder. The prisoner was transferred to the county jail and placed in charge of the state.

Gantt Not Guilty.

Chief Lanford said Monday night that he had abandoned the theory that Gantt was implicated in the crime. He was merely a victim of circumstantial evidence, it was said, and he is believed

to be entirely guiltless. He probably will be released within a short while.

No one answered the Constitution's story asking for information relative to Mary Phagan's whereabouts on the afternoon of her murder. Evidently, she was not seen after entering the factory doors at 12:01 o'clock Saturday afternoon to draw her salary. It is the theory of the police that she never emerged alive from the building.

Psychological Methods Fail to Get Confession.

Confident that he could wring a confession from Newt Lee, Francis E. Wright, a sales manager living on Pulliam street, came to police headquarters early last night, and conferred with detectives.

The prisoner had just finished undergoing rigid questioning from a number of detectives. Wright was admitted to the locked room in which the negro sat handcuffed to a chair. Chief Lanford introduced the newcomer as a minister, sent to console the negro.

The door was locked, leaving Wright and the prisoner together. The latter sat nervous and fidgety, his eyes roving in every direction. The white man began:

"You Haven't Long on Earth."

"Newt, you haven't got long on this earth—only a few days. They're going to get you—they've already got you. What little time you've been allotted for life, you've better put it to good advantage.

"There isn't but one thing—to do—tell all you know and cleanse your soul. If you die with a lie on your lips, you'll drop straight to perdition. There isn't a chance for you. This earth is hell enough. But the next world—that's the thing for you to consider.

"They're going to electrocute you. They're going to kill you. I saw it done once. I witnessed a white man sent to death for a murder

he had committed. It was the most horrible sight I ever saw. I would hate to see even you go to the chair."

On Bible Swears Innocence.

Wright hesitated, giving time for his words to take effect. The negro raised his eyes. The white man jerked from his pocket a strip of paper. It was the full page head-line of an afternoon paper:

"NEGRO'S GUILT PROVED!"

Negro Kisses the Bible.

The suspected watchman gazed, unmove[d], upon the type. Wright dramatically jerked a small pocket Bible from his coat and held it before the eyes of the black man.

Lee rose from the chair as much as his handcuffs would permit. Dropping to his knees, her fervently kissed the book.

"I swear ‘fore God I didn't do it."

Wright pocketed the Bible and moved to the door. As he emerged from the room he exclaimed to the group of detectives and reporters standing by:

"He's as innocent as a babe!"

It was rumored freely over the city until a late hour last night that the negro watchman had confessed, and that his admission was being kept secret by the detective department. This report was declared by Chief Lanford to have been totally untrue.

Arthur Mullinax, the ex-street car conductor, of 60 Poplar street, who was arrested Sunday night for suspected complicity in the Phagan tragedy, is still detained at police headquarters. The suspicion around him is rapidly dissolving. It is predicted that he will be released shortly.

* * *

Leo M. Frank Holds Conference With Lee

After Talking With Him an Hour, Factory President Fails to Secure a Confession.

Sitting alone in the detectives' office at headquarters, Frank, the factory president, and Lee, the negro night watchman, both suspects held in connection with the Phagan murder, conferred for an hour shortly before midnight.

The conference was made at the request of detectives. It was believed Frank would be able to wring a confession from the negro. At midnight, he emerged from the room.

"I can't get a thing out of him. He tells the same story over and over."

It was the first time the two prisoners [had] faced one another since the [grueling] third degree to which both were doubly subjected at noon. It was the first opportunity they had obtained to converse in private.

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“Inquest This Morning”

Coroner Donehoo last night set the time for the inquest at this morning at 8:45 o'clock. It will be held in Bloomfield's undertaking establishment on South Pryor street. A thorough investigation will be made into the mystery. It will then be determined if the evidence at hand is sufficient to commit Frank and the negro watchman to higher courts.

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WHILE HUNDREDS SOB

BODY OF MARY PHAGAN

LOWERED INTO GRAVE

While relatives hysterically wept, while hundreds of friends, with wet eyes and bowed heads, mourned, while little circles of grim visage men talked in hushed voices of all that remained of little 14-year-old Mary Phagan, victim of Saturday night's atrocious crime, was lowered into a grave at the city cemetery at Marietta yesterday morning.

"The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken, blessed be the name of the Lord," said Rev. T. T. G. Linkous, pastor of the Christian church at East Point, as tears streamed down his cheeks. And the grave-diggers grasped their spades and filled the grave.

When the sad little funeral party arrived in Marietta with the casket shortly before 10 o'clock, there was a great crowd at the station to meet them. With solemn mien, hundreds of men and women, girls and boys, followed the train of carriages to the Second Baptist church.

Pallbearers Selected at Church Yard.

So unstrung was everyone connected with the tragedy that no details had been looked after. It was upon the church grounds that the pallbearers, L. M. Spruell, B. Awtrey, Ralph Butler and W. T. Potts, were selected.

With the little white casket on their shoulders, they walked into the tiny country church. Then the crowd poured in. Within five minutes every pew had been taken, every available inch of standing room was occupied and hundreds, who could not get in, were standing on their tiptoes on the steps, trying to catch a word of the services.

With voices that cracked because of choked back tears, yet were sacred because of the feeling behind them, the choir sang "Rock of Ages." A dozen times during every stanza they were interrupted by the wailings of the bereaved mother.

Not a Dry Eye in Church.

Before the hymn had been sung through, there was scarcely a dry eye in the whole church. And from that time on the incessant sound of muffled sobbing seemed to sanctify the services, like some rich old chant of the days gone by.

Dr. Linkous rose to the pulpit.

"Let us pray," he said.

In a voice that, though hushed, seemed to reverberate through the hole [sic] edifice, he asked for power that he might pray as he should. "The occasion is so sad to me—when she was but a baby, I taught her to fear God and love Him—that I don't know what to do," he said.

As he continued, a new eloquence seemed to creep into his voice. Tears gushed from his eyes, and he let them course down his face without attempting to brush them off, yet every moment seemed to bring new power, new strength to him.

"We pray for the police and the detectives of the city of Atlanta," he said. "We pray that they may perform their duty and bring the wretch that committed this act to justice. We pray that we may not hold too much rancor in our hearts—we do not want vengeance—yet we pray that the authorities apprehend the guilty party or parties and punish them to the full extent of the law. Even that is too good for the imp of satan that did this. Oh, God, I cannot see how even the devil himself could do such, such a thing."

"Amen!" Cries Aged Grandfather.

When he made the allusion to the criminal, the faces of those on the front pews, where the family sat, seemed to tighten. The mother stopped crying for a moment, and the aged grandfather exclaimed, "Amen."

"I believe in the law of forgiveness," continued the clergymen. "Yet I do not see how it can be applied in this case. I pray that this wretch, this devil, be caught and punished according to the man-made, God-sanctioned laws of Georgia. And I pray, oh, God, that the innocent ones may be freed and cleared of suspicion."

It was at this point that Miss Lizzie Phagan, aunt of the victim of the crime, shrieked wildly, and, as the result of her overwrought emotions, dropped fainting from her seat. She was carried out to a carriage and taken home.

Dr. Linkous alluded in his sermon to the crime as possibly an agent of God in a grotesque guise.

"Mothers," he declared vehemently, "I would speak a word to you. Let this warn you. You cannot watch your children too closely. Even though their hearts be clean and pure as that of not be forced into dishonor and into the grave by some heartless wretch, like the guilty man in this case."

Only Consolation

I Can Offer.

"Little Mary's purity and the hope of the world above the sky is the only consolation that I can offer you," he said, speaking directly to the members of the bereaved family. "Had she been snatched from our midst in a natural way, by disease, we could bear up more easily. Now, we can only thank God that though she was dishonored, she fought back the fiend with all the strength of her fine young body, even unto death.

"All that I can say is God bless you. You have my heartfelt sympathy. That is all that I can do, for my heart, too, is full to overflowing."

When Dr. Linkous concluded, the casket was opened, and the crowd was allowed to pass up and see, for the last time, the

face of the girl that was so beloved in the little country village that she once called home.

Although almost everyone passed the coffin, it was not the morbid crowd that thronged the undertaking parlors while the body was there. Real feeling, real sorrow, was exhibited as the mournful procession wended its way around the bier.

Many tears, silent tributes to the dead girl, dropped down on the flowers that surrounded her mutilated face.

Her Playmate Breaks Down.

Annie Castile, a 19-year-old girl who worked with Mary at the knitting mills at Marietta three years ago, broke down completely when she saw the body.

Hysterically sobbing, she was led out of the church by friends. Caring nothing for her neat, tailored dress, not seeming to notice the hundreds of eyes that were focused on her, she sank down on the church steps and wept as if her heart would break.

"And she was so good and kind and gentle," she wailed, apparently to herself. "Oh, the vile wretch that killed her—I could kill him with my hands if I saw him."

Her sentiments were echoed in a crowd of dry-eyed men with lowering brows that pityingly watched her.

"The nigger knows all about it," growled a sunburnt farmer, a wry, humorless smile disfiguring his face. "And I could make him talk. Oh yes. If we had that scoundrel in Marietta, we'd know how to get him to talk. We'd make him be polite. He'd talk just as pretty as you please for us. Either that—or something else."

And his knotted fingers twined lovingly around each other.

They were strong, powerful fingers, ones that can squeeze the life from one with one grasp, and his motion would have boded evil had the negro been within reach of the public.

Casket Carried to Grave.

Finally the crowd in the church thinned out, and the casket was brought out. Mrs. Phagan was half carried out, her husband, J. W. Coleman on one side of her, and Dr. Linkous on the other. Behind them walked the sorrowing sister, with her brother Ben, a sailor from the United States ship Franklin, who arrived in Atlanta Monday night. The smaller brothers, Joshua and Charlie, brought up the rear.

While the hearse and carriages went around the road to the cemetery, the great crowd poured over the railroad tracks to the cemetery.

Dr. Linkous spoke briefly at the grave. The old comforting lines, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," did not seem to comfort even him, and he broke off his prayer, as if he thought that time alone, and no words on earth, could heal the wounds that had been made in the hearts of the family.

When the first shovelful of earth was thrown down into the grave Mrs. Phagan broke down completely. Half deliriously, she raved of her daughter.

Taken Away When Spring Was Coming.

"She was taken away when the spring was coming—the spring that was so like her. Oh, and she wanted to see the spring. She loved it—it loved her. She played with it—it was a sister to her almost."

On she wailed. Her husband tried to quiet her, but he failed. She crept up to the edge of the grave, and taking from the clergyman's hand the handkerchief that he had been using to wipe away her tears, she waved it.

"Goodbye, Mary," she sobbed. "Goodbye. It's too big a hole to put you in though. It's so big—b-i-g, and you were so little—my own little Mary!"

* * *

CITY TO OFFER $1,000 FOR SLAYER'S ARREST

Mayor Woodward Declares the Stain of Blood Must Be Wiped Out.

Atlanta, April 29, 1913

To the General Council,

City of Atlanta:

The general council of the city of Atlanta is hereby called to convene in special session tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, April 30, 1913, to take cognizance, in an official way, of that most

brutal crime that was committed in this city on last Saturday night.

I think it proper that the city government should take some befitting action as regards this most deplorable matter, which, as it is, is liable to cast unenviable criticism upon the name of our fair city, and I would suggest that your honorable body offer a suitable reward of not less than $1,000 for the capture of the brute or brutes that could so far forget themselves as to commit such an outrageous crime. I feel satisfied that every taxpayer of this city will heartily co-operate in endorsing the action of the mayor and general council in offering this reward.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) JAMES G. WOODWARD

The murder of poor little Mary Phagan, in the dark basement of the National Lead Pencil company's factory, Saturday night, will be considered by Atlanta's city council, today.

At noon Tuesday, Mayor James G. Woodward issued a proclamation calling a special meeting of council for Wednesday morning, at 10 o'clock. He will ask that a reward of $1,000 be offered for the apprehension of the brute or brutes who strangled the girl.

The Constitution has a standing offer of $1,000 for exclusive information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer. The state offered $200. Governor Joseph M. Brown will be asked to o[ff]er $2,500 on behalf of the state.

Very nearly every member of council was reached from the office of City Clerk Walter Taylor, before 4 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, and a majority declared that they will be present and will vote for the resolution. Some believe that the reward should be $2,000. Others are of the opinion that $500 would be sufficient in view of the fact that the city's finances are a bit strained.

A resolution will probably be introduced by Councilman Ashley, of the fourth ward, to make it possible for the city detectives and policemen to participate in the rewards.

* * *

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Mayor Confers With Chief;

Says Extras Are Misleading

"I don't want a disturbance on the street of Atlanta. The town has been stirred over the Phagan tragedy, and I fear that sensational and misleading extras may cause mischief. I have requested Chief Beavers to use great caution in giving out news."

Mayor James G. Woodward made the above explanation of his visit to Chief James L. Beavers, at police headquarters, shortly after 8:30 o'clock last night. The mayor said that he made a tour of the city and found the people in all sections in a highly nervous state.

He charged that a "misleading and sensational headline" in one of the night extras had caused many to believe that Newt Lee, the negro held by the detectives had been proven guilty.

"I am not afraid of the people of Atlanta doing anything that will bring shame on the city," the mayor said. "But this affair has stirred up the people. The town is restless, and there is an element which can easily be inflamed. I am quite sure that the

police will get the truth, and that the murderers of Mary Phagan will be punished. What I want to guard against is rowdyism. I don't want anyone to suffer needlessly, and the papers can do a lot to keep down feeling."

Mayor Woodward said that he urged Chief Beavers to caution his men to keep the crowds moving on the streets and quickly disperse gatherings where the Phagan tragedy is the topic of discussion.

"I want to appeal to the people of Atlanta not to be misled by sensational reports," he concluded.

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MURDER ANALYZED

BY DR. M'KELWAY

"If Children of Such Tender

Years Were Not Forced to Work, Mary Phagan Might Be Living," He Says

"If social conditions in Atlanta were of the best—if conditions in factories were of the best and lastly if children of such tender years were not forced to work little Mary Phagan would probably never have been murdered," declared Dr. A. J. McKelway, president pro tem of the Southern Sociological congress speaking at the final meeting held in Wesley Memorial church last night.

"Let us take this murder and analyze it. A little child of tender years is forced to work. Think of the heavy toll which she undergoes and the physical conditions under which she labors.

"Why is it that such is allowed in our fair land? The sociological congress must do its share of enlightenment. It has shown these evils to the world."

Atlanta Spirit Lauded.

But the Atlanta Spirit came in for its share of commendation at the finale of the congress and the newspapers were lauded by the out-of-town delegates for the generous editorial support given the convention.

A gala reception at the Piedmont Driving club in the evening, followed by a rousing night session at Wesley Memorial church, brought to a close the great Southern Sociological congress which adjourned last night.

The interest in social reform which the congress has aroused was discussed at the final session of the conference by thirty-two delegates from thirty-two states, and the record showed 918 paid registrations to the Southern Sociological congress.

A closing feature of the conference was a banquet tendered all the negro delegates by the Atlanta delegation. There were sixty-five out-of-town negro delegates, and these, with the Atlanta contingent, were entertained in Odd Fellows hall.

$1,500 for Expenses.

Over $1,500 has been pledged for the convention fund of the Atlanta Sociological congress, and most of this amount was paid by the fifty members of the Atlanta Social Service club, the social workers of Atlanta. Subscriptions ranged from $200 down to 50 cents, every one giving in proportion to his ability to pay.

The following is a list of the subscriptions not yet acknowledged:

Mrs. Lee M. Jordan, $5; H. G. Hastings & Co., $5; Mrs. Jos. Hirsch, $5; L. D. Hicks, $2.50; Moultrie Hitt, $5; J. T. Holleman, $5; F. Kloepler, $5; Albert Boylston, $5; W. A. Jones, $1; C. M. Barnwell, Jr., $2; The Hirschberg Co., $2; S. J. Johnston, $1; J. R. A. Hobson, $10; Alex C. King, $5; Geo. E. King, $5; J. B. Pendleton, $2; Otto Katzenstein, $3; H. T. Hynds, $5; Warren E. Hall, $2; Dr. M. C. Pruitt, $1; E. W. Hadley, $1; O. D. Kenny Co., $5; A. P. Bayliss, $5; N. Kaufman, $2; James M. Fuller, $5; Ohas R. Haskins, $1.

Ross S. Armstrong, $5; A. R. Colcord, $5; Dr. M. Mcll. Hull, $1; H. L. Degive, $1; Dr. William T. Jones, $1; Mrs. L. S. Huntley, $2; Mrs. J. H. Hines, $5; Thomas H. Jeffries, $5; Edwin Johnson, $5;

Mrs. K. Z. Heath, $1; Mrs. Frank Inman, $5; Dr. E. F. Fincher, $1; S. Y. Tupper, Sr., $1, and Miss Marion Woodward, $2.

PDF PAGE 5, COLUMN 2

GANTT TURNED OVER TO SHERIF OF FULTON

After a hearing before Judge George L. Bell of the superior court in which his attorney George T. [1 word illegible] gave a scathing denouncement of the police and detective department for what he termed the grilling system. J. M. Gantt, held on a warrant charging the murder of Mary Phagan was taken from the police and turned over to the sheriff to be held in the Tower.

Judge Gober stated that he would arrange for a hearing early today before Justice F. M. Powers before whom the original warrant was sworn out. The coroner's inquest is set for 9 o'clock and Judge Gober declared that if possible he would have a hearing on the warrant before that time and if not he would have it immediately after that.

PDF PAGE 14, COLUMN 3

DID MURDERERS PLAN CREMATION?

Detectives Believe That They

Intended to Burn Body of

Little Mary Phagan in the

Furnace of Factory.

Did the murderers of Mary Phagan lower her body into the darkness of the pencil factory basement with the intention of cremating the corpse in the furnace of that plant?

Such is the belief of detectives. The dead girl was discovered only a few feet from the furnace. Her body had been dragged first to the fire box, circled around its base, then abandoned in the desolate recess in which it was found.

Investigation revealed that the firebox was in condition to be lighted. It was littered with shavings and paper, and, to all appearances, in readiness for a new fire. The door was open. The aperture was hardly wide enough to admit a body the size of the victim's.

It is the detective's theory that the slayers were frightened from their original plans. The prized staple from the rear door indicated a hurried exit. Detective John Black told a Constitution reporter Monday of his belief:

"When the murderers swung the body through the trap door, they dragged it through the sawdust to the door of the furnace. The opening, probably, was not wide enough to admit a corpse of her size.

"Either that, or the men became frightened. If such were the case, they hastily dragged the dead girl to the hidden corner and deserted her. They either feared discovery, or were overwhelmed with fear that was inspired by the atrocity of their own crime.

"If it was intended to cremate the body, it was proposed by some one well acquainted with the building and basement. The negro nightwatchman often fired the furnace. He knew the basement from the elevator shaft up front to the rear entrance. He carried the detectives through every nook and cranny."

If the girl's body had been cremated the crime probably never would have been discovered. Mary Phagan would have vanished.

SHOT FIRED NEAR LEE

MAY BREAK HIS NERVE

Walter Graham Discharges a Derringer in His Cell at the Police Station.

Will Newt Lee, the negro night watchman accused of the murder of Mary Phagan, be unnerved today as a result of the firing of a double-barreled derringer in a nearby cell last night.

Will his nerves become so shattered at the thought of death that he will confess, admitting the crime, or implicating others?

This is what the police will determine today in further third degree work with Lee.

Walter Graham, a young white youth of 76 Marietta street, smuggled a double-barreled derringer in his cell last night when arrested. In a nearby cell was Lee, drooping over after the strain of the last investigation.

Suddenly a shot was fired in the station by Graham. Lee jumped as though he himself had been shot. Then attempting to regain control of himself, he tried to pay no attention to it.

But all through the night he seemed nervous, as though he was about on the point of telling something.

Will this shot have the effect of breaking his nerve down completely, and cause him to tell what he knows today when questioned?